

the best way to forget the past is to live in the present as if we deserved it, though we worry about the luck, and also the shell-shock and the brain-damage of a deranged past "children, have you read Alex Comfort, Christopher Morly and Conrad Aiken?"

anyhow, no landlord banging here now
one cat asleep in the car, another half-asleep
stuffed with horsemeat on top of the tv set
and the third out front being fractional with
the possums who live in the front hedge.

my tax accountant phoned today and said not to worry, he'd write the people at the Frankfurt place and tell them that under the Double Taxation Convention with the USA that I had already sacrificed the runner to second.

where was this guy when I was trying to sleep on that park bench in El Paso during that 1941 sandstorm? while half the world was burning?

it's 2:15 a.m. and you aren't drinking, I've drunk almost all of it and there are only two bottles of beer left.

you are downstairs watching a space program on tv and I won \$147 at the track today, clean lines zinging here, only one landlord knocks now -- that moldy parasite, he'll collect

here where the succotash is fine and murder episodes flower upon our tv.
I'll sleep soon after drinking those two bottles of beer ...

I've finished writing this
it's very literary.

GIFT

you know
the man in back moved out
couldn't get his rent
so I inherited this
huge old cat
big as an average dog
mean
yellow eyes
old and furiously strong
when he strikes with one of those
paws
the walls shake.
his name is "Butch" and he
doesn't play around
he's cranky

has his own set ideas
learned from somewhere
long ago.
he gets on the trip
which is his
sometimes he gets
gone
I'll be petting him
and then he'll have me
my hand trapped in his
gut
the teeth will incise into
the top part of my hand
and holding me there
like that
he'll rip the backs of
my wrists
with his two rear paws
with the claws
fully extended ...
I leave my hand there
until he's finished
then I
lift it away
rivulets of blood
seep ... he just
looks at me.

I'll send him to you
in a whole natural almond
crate
I'll cut holes so he can
breathe

but beware when you pry off
the lid

I'll send him to you
just in time
via Air Express

open that crate on
National Poetry Day.

A BOOR

we are sitting in this cafe
waiting
I've read the race results
and entries over and
over.

"everyone else has rolls,"
Linda says. "I wonder why